

# Warning or Lanthorn to London, by the doleful destruction of faire Jerusalem, whose misery and unspeakable Plague doth most iustly declare Gods heavy wrath and judgement for the sinns and wickedness of the people, except by Repentance we call to God for Mercy. To the tune of, Beppardary.



When faire Jerusalem did stand,  
whom God did love so dear,  
Whom he did keep with his right hand,  
as plainly did appear:  
For when the people went along,  
his plagues he sent them presently:  
With O sorrow, pittifull sorrow,  
Good Lord thy vengeance spare.

Although his Temple there did stand,  
whose beauty did surpass:  
The onely beauty of the Land  
where Gods true honour was;  
Yet when the Lord did on them frown,  
he same was spoiled and throned down.  
With O sorrow, &c.

And for the peoples wickedness  
which in the City dwelt  
The Land was brought to great distress  
and many plagues they felt:  
Their Enemies they did abound  
that they besieged the City round:  
With O sorrow, &c.

The mighty Emperour then of Rome,  
the Lord insurly sent,  
To bring them all to deadly home,  
who would not once repent:  
When half a year he there had line,  
The people then began to pine:  
With O sorrow, &c.

So bonnet which one man did cast,  
another man did eat,  
The very dung they laid not wast,  
but made thereof their meat;

And through this famine long began,  
The Father was glad to eat her Son:  
With O sorrow, &c.

The gallant Ladies of that place,  
whose pride did late excell,  
Full lean and withered was her face  
their bones a man might tell:  
And they that were so dainty fine,  
Through hunger great to death did pine:  
With O sorrow,

The dead men covered all the ground  
of faire Jerusalem,  
Such Desolence did there abound,  
and so infected them,  
That many a thousand there did dye  
which still unburied there did lye:  
With O sorrow, &c.

Yet would not they give over the Towne,  
for all this grievous case.  
Untill their Enemies pull'd it down,  
and all the Walls did race:  
And all the Jewes that lived then,  
They took them prisoners every one:  
With O sorrow, &c.

And those that were of Noble birth,  
the Conquerour took away,  
The rest the Emperour did make  
his hardy soldiers prey,  
Who then for Slaves did sell them bound,  
Then thirty for a penny round:  
With O sorrow, &c.

For two years space before the war,  
within the sky so bright,  
You like a sword, a blazing star  
hung over the City right  
And in the skies they might see plain  
How men of war did fight again.  
With O sorrow, &c.

Yet would they not their lit's lament  
in any kind of case,  
For once within their hearts repent,  
and call to God for grace,  
Untill his wrath on them did fall,  
And that they were destroyed all:  
With O sorrow, &c.

O noble London warning take  
by faire Jerusalem,  
And to the Lord thy prayers make,  
lest thou be like to them;  
For if he will not spare the Jewes,  
Thinkst thou he will thy sin excuse?  
With O sorrow, &c.

Thy sins as greatly do abound,  
faire London then beware,  
Lest God in wrath do thee confound,  
with sorrow grief and care.  
For many signs he thee hath sent  
that thou mayst get thy life lament:  
With O sorrow, &c.

Lest not the wealthy of the Land  
in riches put their trust  
They cannot keep them from the hand  
of him that is most iust:  
Their Gold will do them little good,  
If he withhold their daily food:  
With O sorrow, &c.

The women eke so fair a face,  
and of such dainty taste,  
Lest them think on their grievous case,  
whom famine did so waste:  
And not despise the poor to feed,  
Lest they do cry when they have need:  
With O sorrow, &c.

O Lord we pray for Christ his sake  
our grievous plagues remove,  
And on the Land and town mercy take,  
for Jesus Christ his love:  
Preserve our King from casualty,  
Whose loss would make us weep and cry,  
With O sorrow, pittifull sorrow,  
good Lord thy vengeance spare. Finis

Of the horrible and woful destruction of Jerusalem, and the signs and tokens that were seen before it  
was destroyed, which destruction was after Christ's Ascension xlii. years.  
To the tune of The Queens Almanie.

**A** Emperour Vespasian  
Sometime in Rome there was.  
Although whom much delays then began  
of mortall wars alas,  
Within two years that he did reign,  
He put the Jewes to mickle pain.  
With fire and sword both took and slain,  
his power so brought to passe:  
His son Titus having no dread  
his Army over Iuda spread,  
The people to the City fled,  
hoping to have redresse.

Before Titus Vespasian's son  
into these wars did go,  
Was after Ascension  
long forty years and two:  
Then did the Romans with such pride,  
Beset the Land both far and wide,  
And being then on every side,  
to their great pain and wo.

They brought the Jewes in such a case,  
The Prophete to bring to passe,  
Spoke by the Lord when he there was,  
the Scripture so doth say.

That prudent Jew Iosephus says,  
Who did not write in vain,  
That he was present in those dayes,  
and saw this mortall pain.  
When that Titus both bold and stout,  
Beset Jerusalem about.  
That none might in or issue out  
no way but to be slain:  
For Titus his chief Captaine was  
he siege when he had brought to passe,  
Great was the cry we and alas,  
the story both make plain.

He stopt their Pipes and Conduits all,  
That no water might passe,  
With famine they were in great thral,  
most wofull was their case:  
They were constrained to that need,  
With horse and ass themselves to feed,  
Both Dog and Cat thus do I read,  
most ngly meat it was:  
The hunger there it was so great,  
One's vomit was anothers meat,  
There was no way for to intreat,  
but present death alas.

Six months this siege it did hold on,  
About the City great,  
Wherein was many a Mothers sorrow,  
did starve for lack of meat.  
The famous Ladies of that town,  
That were before of high renown,  
For want of food fell in a town,  
there was nothing to get:  
The story thus doth speake,  
The Mothers most unnaturally,  
They slew their children miserably,  
and roasted them to eat.

This Time then of high renown,  
Soit valiantly and bold,  
He would so strong he did call down  
resistance waked cold:  
The people in the streets lay dead,  
They had no succour drink nor bread,  
Much was the blood that then was shed,  
alas lament & e would:  
The Romans entered with such might,  
With holcar, spears, & swords so bright,  
They slew all that came in their sight,  
no mercy they did hold.

The Gates that covered were with gold,  
They threw them to the ground,  
That famous City to behold,  
for shame it was confound:  
Eleven hundred thousand slain,  
through hunger, sword, & pestilence pain,  
In this the story doth not fail,  
of many a bloody wound:  
The smock of Carkas in the street,  
The sieb's souls that could not fleet,  
For faint of hunger scarce could creep,  
full heavy as their found.

Then Titus gave his sentence blide,  
Which Romans liked well,  
So many as you finde alive,  
after this rate them sell:  
As Christ was sold for thirty pence  
By Iudas and his false pretence,  
So Titus makes them recompence,  
the story thus doth tell:  
Wholy Jewes for a penny bought,  
As many more were sold for nought.  
Their own confusion thus they wrought  
because they did rebell.

And many prisoners more I wote,  
To Egypt they were sent,  
For scope thousand and sevenety,  
in prison had their end:  
And Titus and his company  
Took many such as were worthy,  
And led them bound all captivly,  
to Rome with him to wend:  
There was no help for to rebok,  
As Iosephus says in his Book,  
His Chonides who lists to look  
of truth they do depend.

Thirty years God gave them space,  
That they might yet repent,  
Their lives amend and call for grace,  
for them Christ did lament:  
His loving Lord oft did them call  
By sundry signs as here you shall.  
Before his wrath on them did fall,  
or anger fully bent:  
Twelve dayes eclipsed was the Moon,  
That they might be converted soon,  
But they wist not what to be done,  
but sinne did still augment.

Before the signe of a p warre,  
The face of all the year  
Over the town was seen a starre,  
most blazing bright and clear:  
So like a sword in shape it was,  
Which great grief and wonder was,  
Yet yet they not their wickedness,  
when these signes did appear:  
More over in the ayre so bright,  
In place of pale and Armour bright,  
Were seen men ready for to fight,  
to show their time was near.

A Festival day in April,  
To hallow they were dight,  
And suddenly among them fell  
a marvellous strange sight:  
So bright and clear with such a gleam,  
Passing the Sun as it did seem,  
But what it meant no man could dem,  
but were all in soze fright:  
But while the Priest did this intare,  
To offer a Lamb they did their care,  
Which Calfe a thing against natur,  
brought forth a Lamb in sight.

Such many tokens contrary,  
Which did prognosticate,  
And to the Jewes did signifie  
their wofull fall and fate;  
Before that Titus warres began,  
Four years of space this probe I can,  
How that the sonne of one rude man,  
Ananias low of state:  
He ran the streets in such a rage,  
Being a Child of tender age,  
To call and cry he did not swage,  
repent ere it be to late.

But for his paines he was well bent,  
This had he for his hire,  
For truth they did him evil intreat,  
and gainst him did conspire:  
But yet he cryed, and would not lin,  
While he was able yet to run,  
Saying, Woe to Jerusalem,  
for kindling of Gods fire;  
Woe be to thee and to thy Land,  
Thou art beset in wofull hand,  
Thy day of sorrow is at hand,  
of famine sword and fire.

Now seeing that this Jerusalem,  
As Scripture doth tell true,  
Was plagued for the sinnes of men  
which Romans overthrew:  
What shall the Lord do us to expelle  
That do lye in such excelle  
Of inhorom, pride and cobetousness  
more now than did the Jew:  
Where ore is our example this,  
Amend the thing that is amiss.  
That we may have eternall blisse,  
by Christ our Lord Jesu. Finis